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From the Friendship's Offering for 1835.

MUSTAPHA THE PHILATHROPIST.

A TALE OF ASIA MINOR.

Mustapha Ben Mustapha, Ben Ali, Ben Kaled, thou was well-known, long-loved, and deeply lamented. Tears are still shed upon the turban stone that marks the spot where thy remains sleep the sleep of the holy; the young women spread their veils upon thy grave, the young men pray to be like thee, brave, beautiful and beloved; the old men thank Allah that thou wast the light of their infancy, and the glory of their land. Yet thy sun was long clouded by sorrow, thy name was long stained by calumny, and anguish long bowed to the earth the brow that was yet to wear the heron plume of power, and the diamond chelenck of favour of the Sultan, king of kings!

The father of Mustapha was one of the beys of Karamania, the chief of a tribe, the lord of a hundred villages, and crowning all his honors with the glory of having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Thus rich, powerful, and a Hadgi, he had obtained the highest rank of felicity allotted to mortal man; his name became a proverb thro'out Antolia for prosperity; and when Mollah blessed the marriages of the Moslem, he always added, "May thy good fortune be as the good fortune of the Bey Mustapha, and may thy head be as firmly fixed on thy shoulders; may thy purse as long escape public robbery, and mayst thou, like him, sleep on the pillow of security, till thou goest to the world where men are neither plundered, beheaded, nor bowstringed, because they are richer, better, or longer-lived than their neighbors."

But all have their troubles. There never was a sky which will not show a cloud now and then. There never was a lake without a ripple. Even the Bey Mustapha had his troubles. They came in the shape of a son; that son was the finest youth in all Karamania, handsome, generous, brave, and beloved. The old Bey gazed on him with pride, the tribe with veneration; he was the theme of the poet's song, of the story-teller's tale, and of the warrior's carousal. But in the midst of those bright prospects, there was a spot which looked full of storm to the eye of the sagacious father.—His son was a genius: the Bey was a man of sense, his son was a speculator; but the Bey was content with the world as he found it, his son was a philosopher; but the Bey pointed towards the distant towers of Constantinople, and asked whether philosophy could keep him out of their dungeons? At length his time was come, as it comes to all. From his pillow, which overlooked one of the most smiling prospects of Asia Minor, he gave his gallant and sorrowing son charge over his inheritance; finally he put into his hands an emerald signet, wrought with a mysterious inscription. "This, said the old man, is the talisman of our house; it has kept us safe even under the scimetar of the Sultan, for a hundred and fifty years.—Keep it, until you must give it up, like me, with all things human." His son took the talisman with tears and awe, pressed it to his lips, and then attempted to decipher the inscription. It was totally unintelligible to him. "The language," said the Bey, "in which those words are written, is not capable of being read by one in a thousand, in any time of life; nor by a million in yours. If you shall die without learning it, you shall die in a dungeon; therefore learn it, son of my heart, as soon as you can." The Bey's voice had already sunk to a whisper. His son clasped his hand in filial anguish, and knelt beside the couch of the dying chief. "Where, asked he, is this sacred language to be learned, O my father?" The Bey was silent, speech had perished on his lips, but he pointed to Heaven, and then, with his hand on the head of his son, gave his spirit to the angels.

Mustapha was proclaimed Bey by the acclamations of a thousand of the finest horsemen in Antolia. The world spread around him a prospect of beauty. Gold and jewels were like sand before him. The morning rose on the prayers of his people for his prosperity, and the evening heard the cry of the Muezzins returned by the song of the Karamanian shepherds from the hills in praise of Mustapha, the flower of the land; but the acclamations of the thousand horsemen were more grateful to the ear of the young warrior. Their squadrons galloping on the plain before the palace, the flashing of their scimetars, their adroitness with the pistol and the spear, kindled the passion which finds a place in the bosom of every Antolian youth. In his glowing temperament it blazed into a devouring flame. But the flame must wait for vent. In the mean time, he set his vivid invention to work; his quick eye saw a hundred defects in the equipment, management and manœuvres of his troops. He introduced remedies for them all. But the troops saw no necessity for their being wiser than their fathers. Like them, they could shoot an eagle on the wing, and cut through a turban at a stroke—rein up a charger at full gallop, and slice a Persian or a Curdistan skirmisher from the crown of the head to the chin. But their chieftain must be obeyed. He was obeyed, and his popularity instantly fell fifty degrees.

Mustapha keenly felt the difference between the faint cry with which he was welcomed in his next exercise of the squadrons, and the ardent acclamation that hailed his former presence. But his conviction of the importance of the improvements was too strong to suffer him to go back. "They are my children," said he, as he returned dejectedly from one of these days in which his horsemen had manœuvred incomparably on the new plan, yet had suffered him to depart from the field without the waving of a sword. "I must treat them as such, bear with their follies, and leave them to have more sense as they get more knowledge. But it is unfortunate that we have not a war. A week's real work would teach them the use of those changes, and they would then know how to value them as they deserve."

As he was reaching his palace, in a gloomier mood than he had ever felt before, he saw a horseman riding down the neighboring hill at full speed. As he approached, the yellow cap, and the imperial dragon on his breast, shew that he was one of the Tartars of the Porte. He bro't despatches. They announced that the Muscovite dogs had dared to bark at the sublime Father of the Faithful, and what was more, to bite; that the Sultan had already condescended to retreat before the Infidel, for the mere purpose of destroying them within his own territory, and thus fertilizing his fields with their bones; that the Muscovite dogs being inspired by Satan, and not seeing the purpose of this discreet movement, had followed his Mightiness the Vizier, had dared to attack him at two several times,—for which might their souls be speedily given to the black angel Monkair, their bodies to the ditches of Bulgaria,—even had the additional insolence to seize his cannon and baggage, and actually push their madness to the extent of threatening to march on Constantinople. The despatch concluded with a command that the thousand cavalry under the orders of the Bey Mustapha, should instantly March to join the faithful army of the Padishah, in driving the Infidels into the Danube. The dark eyes of Mustapha flashed fire as he read the words. He was now in the path to honors unbounded; his quick imagination saw before him fame, commands, national homage. He ordered the trumpets instantly to sound, recalled his horsemen eagerly, and told them the tidings. The Karamonian is brave by nature. He loves plunder, victory, gold-headed scimetars, and fine horses; and he expected to find them all on the west of the Propontis. The squadrons were weary of their days of discipline. They flourished their pikes and swords rejoicingly, and gave the young Bey the first shout that he had heard from them for a month. In four-and-twenty hours he was in march; and the march never halted until he was in view of the bright waters of the Bosphorus.

All hitherto was exultation. The showy Bey and his Arab charger shared the praise of the whole Moslem populace, who thought it worth their while to leave their coffee cups, to see the handsomest soldier mounted on the finest horse in the Ottoman dominions. His cavalry won the next praise. Never had the idlers of Constantinople seen such dashing riders, so capitally equipped, with turbans so rich, caftans so embroidered, and boots so worthy of the Sultan's body guard. The European Spahis looked on with envy; but Delnis, who always come from Antolia, and go, fate only knows where, triumphed in so brilliant a body of comrades, and swore that they were worthy to fall into their rear. Nothing could be a higher compliment.

Their trial soon came. From the summit of a low range of barren hills in Bulgaria, Mustapha one day saw a mob of foot and horse rambling about the country, some quarreling, some robbing, some cooking, and some with their dogs loose, looking for game. He inquired of a peasant what this strange medley meant. To his utter astonishment, he was told that this was the Turkish army. This was enough; the cause of their defeats was evident. What could be done against the Muscovite bayonets and guns, with an army one half of whom were forced to rob for food, an the other to rob the robbers! His genius was instantly on the alert. He conceived a plan for at once restoring their discipline, and supplying their food, and determined to take the first opportunity of earning immortal fame by enlightening the brains of the blundering Vizier. But what was to be done with a commander-in-chief who had been a slipper-maker, and had never known the use of steel but in his own awl? His highness listened to the plan of the young Bey with a smile; said that it was excellent, but impracticable; that the Ottomans had been in the habit of conquering their enemies without these new inventions, and by the blessings of Mahomet, they would conquer them still. The Vizier having said this much made a sign to one of his attendants, and dropping his head on the sofa, fell asleep.

Mustapha indignantly returned to his tent. Some of his officers came around him on his entrance. "Comrades, said he, I have failed. My infallible plan has been thrown away on the ears of that hog of a slipper-maker. He was drunk when I went, he was asleep when I came away. So, fight or fight not, we must be starved." He rushed into the tent, and unbuckling his scimetar, began to meditate on the first fruits of his glory. A slight noise roused him; and he saw one of the Capidgis, with the Vizier's order for his head in one hand, and the bowstring in the other. It was clear that he had not yet learned to read the language of the talisman. The Capidgi came forward, to teach him a lesson on the liberty of speech. A true Turk would have given his neck in return. But Mustapha was too new to life to have acquired its perfect courtesies. He was a mountaineer, and rude in proportion. His only answer to the respectful salutation of the Capidgi, was a blow with the hilt of his loosened scimetar, which brought the Sultans officer to the ground. He then tore the order, and kicked the unfortunate instrument of justice out of the tent. He was on the point of mounting his charger, to lay the whole affair before the Divan, when a most flattering message arrived from the Vizier, apologizing for "the misconduct of the officer, who was on the point of being bastinadoed for his error," and requesting the company of the Bey to take coffee, and receive the command of a brigade of cavalry. Mustapha was instantly appeased. He flew to the Vizier's tent, was welcomed with remarkable graciousness, and was in the act of smoking the pipe of honor, when he felt his hands bound, and was marched, without another word to the rear of the tent, where, on looking for his accusers, he could see nothing but the same Capidgi, bowing with habitual grace, and half a dozen mutes, ready to perform that ceremony upon him which supercedes all others.—"This comes, he murmured bitterly, of attempting to put knowledge into the head of asses. Let me escape this once, and the world may fool itself after its own way, for the rest of my existence." The reflection was tardy, for the mutes were in the act of fastening the string round his neck. Another moment would have extinguished the man of genius. But at that moment a shell whizzing through the air, dropped in the midst of the group. The applicant of the string was crushed into a mummy.—Three others were shattered into fragments by the explosion. Mustapha stood a free man again. The Vizier's tent was set in a blaze, and he rushed through it in the confusion and regained his own; in infinite wrath with blunderers of all kinds; but not yet including the teacher of tactics to slipper-makers.

He found the camp in a state of horrible clamour. The Infidels had made good a part of their promise, and were advancing to Constantinople, by marching over the bodies of the left wing of his Mightiness' army. The other wing was spreading out its plumage for such flight as it could manage; or in other words, one half of the Ottoman host had been soundly beaten, and the other half were running away. He also found his gallant squadron taking it for granted that he had gone the path of all Beys who are too wise for their generation, and who take coffee with grand Viziers. But his presence restored their discipline at once. The Muscovites were covering the field with squadrons of horse, and mowing down every thing with their artillery. Mustapha moved his cavalry to the cover of a wood, formed them with admirable skill, and then advancing on a division of the Muscovites, who were pursuing in the heat of victory, charged through and through them, and cut them to pieces. Nothing could be more lucky for the Vizier: for in two minutes more he must have been a prisoner, or trampled under the feet of the Muscovite lancers. The enemy at this unexpected check, drew back, and the night falling, the Ottomans made their escape, glad to leave their tents behind them. This affray raised Mustapha's name prodigiously, and visions of glory began to kindle him again. The first despatches from Constantinople displaced the slipper-maker, and fixed the Bey at the head of the forces, with orders to beat the enemy and follow them to Petersburgh. But what was to be done with an army of Banditti? He instantly drew out a code of regulations. It was incomparable, and its announcement was hailed with universal joy. But its first attempt at practice raised mutiny in every corps in the army. In this emergency, the new Vizier knew that his head was on his shoulders only till the messenger of the mutineers could return from the capital. He resolved to turn the tables by a victory; marched that night to find the enemy, found them, cut up their foraging parties, drove in their outposts, and fell like a thunderbolt upon their main body. The Infidels were slaughtered in front of their lines, through their lines, and out of their lines. But day-break came, and they rallied. The Turkish cavalry had by this time jumped off their horses, and were packing up the plunder of the camp. Mustapha's quick eye saw the danger. But all the kettle drums and trumpets on earth could never draw a Turk away from his plunder. The battle turned. The new Vizier fought with desperation; he gathered some bodies of horse from the skirts of the field, and bringing up his thousand Antolians, formed the whole as a rear guard.—But this was worse and worse. Their discipline was new to their countrymen, and at the first movement all was confusion. With agony of soul Mustapha saw his last column of horse fighting like a rabble, every man in his own style. The enemy's artillery were now playing on every battalion of his infantry; and his final look at the field showed them melting away like masses of snow on Mount Hæmus.

His next glance was at the canvass roof of a Russian tent. His horse had been knocked down by a six-pound shot, and he had been stunned by the fall, and found among the wrecks of the field. So much for the new tactics. Was he now to give his next glance at the roof of a Russian dungeon?

But this was a night of carousal in the Infidel camp. The General sent off a dozen couriers to St. Petersburg with despatches, describing the battle as a series of the most exquisite manœuvres, by which he had drawn the enemy into a night attack, and routed them at his leisure. He demanded crosses and ribbonds for himself, and inquired her imperial majesty's pleasure as to what chamber of the royal seraglio she would prefer for her present abode. But it is as impossible to keep the yellow-bearded Russ from brandy, as the black-bearded Turk from plunder. The captive Vizier was brought to the general's board; where he sat until he saw him and his staff fall under it.—He then threw the general's cloak over his shoulders, walked quietly to the spot where his horses were picketed, found the sentinels asleep, each man with a bottle beside him; led his horse through ten drunken regiments, and flinging the cloak over the eyes of the only man he found awake among fifty thousand, galloped off on the route to the capital. Indignant at his defeat, and more indignant at the stupidity which had sent the army into the field in a state which rendered victory all but impossible, he paused only to draw up a statement of the whole transaction, present it to the Sultan, and thus at once vindicate his own fame, and lay the foundation of conquests innumerable.

The paper was eloquent, admirably argued, and the most imprudent thing in the world.—The Sultan received it from his anxious Vizier with a look of the highest favor; even read it before he left the chamber, and at every sentence exclaimed that he was a Solomon.—Throwing over his neck a chain of diamonds of inestimable value, he departed, leaving the Vizier in exultation. But as the door closed behind the retiring padishah, another opened. The Sultan's barber entered, glancing his eyes on the spot where the astonished Mustapha stood; he commanded his Janizaries to take away "the Antolian Ginour, who yesterday had the insolence to call himself Vizier;" with further orders "to lose no time in fixing the head of the traitor on the seraglio gaol, and the quarters of the poltroon on the public scaffold."

"Long live his Highness Acmet the Vizier," was the answering cry of the Janizaries, who instantly flung themselves upon him, and dragged him away, protesting against this violation of all justice.

But this day was the anniversary of the famous Santon Abubeker, and on this no criminal could be executed before sunset. Thrown into a gloomy cell of the place, Mustapha called for one of the cadis of the seraglio, to receive his dying declarations of innocence; the question of his property, he took it for granted, was already settled by his executioners. He had now time to ponder on his own proceedings. "What an infinite blockhead I must have been," was his first congratulatory ejaculation, "to trouble myself about patching up the brains of other blockheads. If men are accustomed to be beaten, wo to the meddler who attempts to teach them to beat. If I had left the Osmanli to run away according to their national tastes, I should now have been dining with the Sultan, instead of preparing to drink sherbet so terribly against the grain, with the Houris." His soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of the jailer, who ushered in a basket of data, brought by a messenger from the cadi, to tell the dying man that, being invited to a ball at the Austrian embassy, he had sent one of his scribes to hear what he had to say. The detail was brief; for as it began, the sun was setting, and the last dip of his rim in the Propontis was to be the signal of his parting with that head which had been of so little use to him.

"Prince," whispered the scribe, as he pointed to the sinking orb, "there is but a moment between thee and death; what wouldst thou give to leave the dungeon behind thee?"

"Lands, treasures, all that avarice could solicit," exclaimed the prisoner, his ardent nature starting into sudden energy and hope—"What am I to do for life?"

"The task is the simplest, yet the most difficult in the world," was the reply; "It is, to keep thy thoughts to thyself."

Mustapha struck his forehead remorsefully. "If from this hour I ever try to make the world wiser than it chooses to be, may I be impaled in the Atmedian!" was the quick exclamation.

The cadi's deputy stamped upon the floor, and a low rumbling noise was heard; a stone gradually slipped on one side, and disclosed a dark winding stair.

"In this cavern is safety," said the young scribe, and plunged in; the prisoner followed. The stair led deep into the foundation of the palace; at length a glimpse of light was visible; he opened a grate, and the sea lay before them, broad, calm, and returning the silver beauty of ten thousand stars. At a signal, a boat appeared, starting from under the cypresses which line the seraglio wall. The Bey sprang into it, the messenger followed, and the steersman turned his helm away from the fatal shore, and hoisting his little sail, soon left mosque and tower far in the horrizon. Mustapha felt all the sudden elation of liberty. He lavished promises of opulence upon his deliverer.

"You must at least, promise me one thing," said the scribe. "It is, not to send me back to Constantinople. Having obeyed my master's orders, I must think of myself; and a return to the shadow of the Sublime Port would only substitute my head for yours." The pledge was given. The little vessel shot along, and by daybreak it had reached the long and narrow line of rocks which embattle the shore of what once was Ilium.

The journey to the Karamanian hills was rapidly made; the Bey being informed by the young scribe that orders had been already sent off for the confiscation of his lands; and his own energy being determined to counteract the blow if possible. They arrived just the evening before the Pasha of Karamania, who was ordered to execute the sentence. He was a daring, greedy, and licentious ruffian; and the sound of confiscation would raise a Turk of any degree from the bed of death. At daybreak the trumpets of the Pasha were heard in front of the palace gate. Mustapha would have fought for his inheritance, had their been time to summon his people; but the Pasha was irresistible. His troop of five hundred Spanish instantly filled the courts, and a glorious day of plunder was expected; but the Pasha had no desire to indulge them with the treasury said to bee stowed up in the jewel-chamber of the place. There he proceeded alone. His surprise was excessive, at finding the chamber already occupied by a stranger, and that stranger Mustapha, who was supposed to have left his bones for the vultures. But the pasha's insolence had not left him. He declared himself come to take possession of the lands of "a traitor, in the Sultan's name," and followed the words by a sweep of his scimetar. He had provoked a dangerous antagonist. Mustapha sprang aside, returned the blow, and rushed upon him like a roused tiger; he followed it by second, and it was sufficient. The Pasha's head rolled at his feet.

His plan was instantly adopted. Knowing that successful rebellion always confers a title with the Porte, he took the Pasha's signet from his finger, wrote an order in his name commanding the Bey Mustapha to be reinstanted in all his heriditary dignities, and having sealed it, locked the body in the room, and went forth to the people. The Janizaries murmured, but the popular voice was against them.—They drew their swords, Mustapha lifted his finger, and instantly a volley was sent from every window, which laid one half of their number on the ground. The lesson was expressive; the rest laid down their arms, called their Pasha a traitor who had led the sons of the faithful to be butchered; and desired leave to enter into the service of the most magnanimous of Beys. Mustapha's sagacity told him that the Porte never quarrels with the bringer of presents. He sent the Pasha's diamond hilted poniard and scimetar to the Sultan, his purse to the Vizier, and distributed his horses among the divan. He received by the return of his Tartar, a firmaun from Constantanople, appointing him to succeed the deceased Pasha, as a "reward for his extinction of a rebel," and promise of the first standard of three tails that fell to the imperial disposal. Ambition was now dawning on him again, and he longed to charge among the Muscovites, and bring off the heads of generals swinging at his saddle bow. But the cadi's messenger calmly pointed to the landscape round him; the mountains waving with forests of the most varied and vivid beauty, the plains covered with grain, the mosques and minarets, the cottages and pastures,—and asked, whether this was not better than being rescued from the bow-string by the explosion of a shell, or being within five minutes of the sharpest axe in the seraglio? As the youth spoke the words, and made his obeisance for having taken so great a liberty, Mustapha's eye glanced on his emerald; the letters were still unintelligible, but they seemed to assume a less cloudy shape. He now gave up the happiness of saving Viziers, and being strangled for his pains; and resolved to be as happy as quiet and wealth could make him. But he was a genius, and when was a genius content with being as happy as quiet and wealth could make him? He went among his people, found every thing useless and absurd; made changes in all instances, and succeeded in nothing.—The arts of husbandry had been the occupa-

[See fourth Page.]

From the Washington Globe.

THE FRENCH AFFAIR.

To prevent impositions upon the American public, it is well to keep attention fixed upon the proceedings on the French Government, as disclosed to us by successive arriva's from Europe.

It will be recollected that the debt due from France had been owing to the United States or their citizens for upwards of twenty years;

That on the 4th of July, 1831, a treaty was concluded, liquidating this debt at 25,000,000 francs, or about $5,000,000, and providing for its payment by instalments;

That at the next session of Congress, an act was passed in execution of the treaty on the part of the United States, reducing the tariff on certain productions of France, the benefits of which have been enjoyed by that nation ever since;

That session after session of the French Chambers passed away, and the Executive did not ask an act to carry the treaty into effect on the part of France;

That the Government of the United States drew for the first instalment when it became due; and the bill was protested by the French Government;

That when at last an appropriation was asked for, the bill making it was not pressed as a cabinet measure, was faintly supported by most of the Ministry, and was consequently lost by a small majority;

That the King and Ministry made all sorts of apologies to the American Minister, and sent a public armed vessel to bear explanations to our Government, which had a passage so *marvellously long*, that if it had been foreseen by the French Government, it might well have been expected that Congress would have adjourned before her arrival in New York;

That *verbal* apologies, explanations, and pledges, were then tendered by the French Minister, *in pursuance of instructions*, which he *put in writing only when it was insisted on by our Government*;

That these pledges were in substance, that the King would exert his whole constitutional power to procure the execution of the treaty, and to hasten the action of the Chambers upon it, so that the President might be advised of the result in time to lay it before Congress at the commencement of their next session;

That notwithstanding this pledge, the Chambers met in July, 1834, and were not even asked to make the requisite appropriation, although such a measure would have been entirely constitutional;

That although the King had the constitutional power to fix the day for the next meeting of the Chambers at any time he might think proper, yet he did actually prorogue them to the 29th December, 1834, a period so late that the result of their action on the subject, so far from being known to the President before the meeting of Congress, could not reach the U. States before the time fixed on by the constitution for their final adjournment;

That the remonstrances of the American minister were answered by declarations that it was impossible to call the Chambers together sooner, although it was afterwards done on account of their own domestic affairs; and other pretences were alledged, unfounded in themselves, and evasive of the solemn pledge which had been given, first *verbally*, and when insisted on, *in writing*, to the President of the United States;

That our minister was also informed, that the King and his ministers would not make the execution of the treaty a cabinet measure, and that the *places of ministers* were not to be hazarded to secure the observance of the *public faith* and preserve *the King's personal honor!*

So little did France and her government regard the keeping of her faith in the fulfilment of her solemn engagements, and the redemption of the pledges given by her King to the President of the United States.

The President's message came upon that government and people like a clap of thunder. It awakened them from the delusion into which they had been led by the opposition in this country, and their associate, *M. Serrurier*.

Though the message was not addressed to France, or any of its agents, and there was no more propriety in their taking official notice of it than if it had been a speech uttered by a member of Congress; yet, conscious of the disgraceful attitude in which France had placed herself, and the necessity of promptly retrieving her character in the eyes of the world, the King and his ministers affected to consider it addressed to the French minister in Washington, construed into an insult, ordered him home and tendered passports to the American minister!

Having done so much to save *French honor*, which had not been tarnished except by the injustice and subterfuges on which the Message commented, the King and his ministers, and all their friends, *for the first time*, went earnestly to work to secure the execution of the treaty, the only measure which *French honor* really required.

The bill to provide for the indemnity was immediately laid before the Chambers.

It now became a *Cabinet measure*, the ministers finding it necessary to hazard their official existence upon its success!

The commercial and manufacturing interests aroused by the Message, poured in their memorials, asking for the execution of the treaty.

The measure was discussed in the nine Bureaux or Committees, into which the Chamber of Deputies is divided for such purposes, and a vote was taken, in which eight out of the nine exhibited majorities in favor of the execution of the treaty, making an aggregate majority in the whole Chamber of about fifty.

No doubt was entertained that the appropriation would be made, and the treaty executed.

Things were in this condition in Paris when Mr. Clay's report in the Senate, with his speech thereon, arrived at that capital.

All parties seized on them as evidence that the President would not be sustained by Congress in any strong measures. The opposition in that country urged them as proof that there was no danger of war or any attack on the commercial interests of France, even if the Chambers should refuse to pay the money according to the treaty. They insisted that Mr. Clay's report and speech admit of further negotiations, and on that ground they urged upon the Chambers to reject the appropriation, and request the Executive to open a new negotiation, with the view of reducing the amount agreed to be paid by the treaty! If Mr. Clay has done nothing more, no man who reads the French papers can deny, that he has furnished arguments to the opposition in France to urge against the execution of the treaty, which had, before his papers were received there, been rendered almost certain by the proceedings of the Bureaux. Whether these arguments have been so powerfully urged as to defeat the measure, we have yet to learn. If they have, the American People will know whom to hold responsible for all the disasters which may ensue.

But we believe that the appropriation has been made. The French ministry cannot be ignorant that the Senate of the United States has been baffled in its vindictive war against Gen. Jackson, and at the next session Mr. C. will not be able to control a majority of that body. The decided stand taken by the late House, which they must be aware will be fully sustained by the next, and it being certain that France can no longer count on the Senate, will have convinced the French ministry that the President will have the cordial support of the next Congress in measures of the most decided character. They will not, therefore, think it safe to defer the appropriation upon the faith of Mr. Clay's report; but, seizing upon it as a salvo for their wounded pride, or rather *for their shame*, will make it the occasion of urging the appropriation with more zeal than ever.—We therefore confidently anticipate, that the appropriation has been pressed through the Chambers with all possible dilligence since the date of the last advices, and the more so, as the French Ministers had a right to dread new embarrassments for themselves, if they waited for the direction of the House of Representatives.

But what has roused France from her apathy and made the execution of the treaty a topic of general inquiry and discussion? *The President's Message.*

What had excited the commercial and manufacturing interests of that kingdom to pray for the execution of the treaty? *The Message*

What had called the attention of Europe to the subject, and brought down upon France the condemnation of the civilized world? *The Message.*

What has forced the King to make the appropriation a *Cabinet measure*, contrary to his previous determination, upon the success of which the official existence of his Ministers depended? *The Message.*

What produced the majorities in the Bureaux in favor of the execution of the treaty? Not Mr. Clay's report; for that was not received when the votes were given; but *the Message.*

What produced the confidence that the treaty would be executed, which pervaded all the accounts by the latest arrivals, from whatever source, and through whatever channel? Not Mr. Clay's report, which had not been received when all the favorable symptoms displayed themselves; but *the Message.*

What is seized hold of by the opposition in France, to change the current, and defeat the execution of the Treaty? *Mr. Clay's report and speech.*

What created the only distrust that remained at the latest dates of the success of the appropriation? *Mr. Clay's report and speech.*

By adverting to these incontestable facts, the American People will be able to judge, in any event of our French relations, to whom belongs the merit, or on whom rests the responsibility.

The following letter from a gentleman at Paris, to the Editors of the Washington Globe, confirms the opinion we have repeatedly expressed, of the salutary effect of the President's Message on our relations with that power.—We recommend it to the attention of the Kennebec Journal and the Federal Gazette, who will, no doub., c. erfully lay it before their readers.— *Port. Argus.*

"The American Minister has daily reasons to rejoice at the sacrifice he has made of his personal feelings in remaining, as he finds that his presence at this moment proves more useful even than he had anticipated —Number of the Deputies (none had thought of acquiring information on the subject before the message,) coming to him with inquiries about the real state of the affair, which he is of course always ready to answer. Every thing looks promising, and to all appearance the treaty will be carried. I heard this evening from a Deputy of the opposition, that it would be so by a large majority. *Those who speak frankly and in confidence, say the language of the President was exactly what it ought to be to produce an effect here.* It was heard, too, at the very favorable moment for us, when from political motives nothing is so much dreaded as a war.—For the first time, they believed we are in earnest, and it is amazing to see, in spite of their anger, with what rapidity they are urging on all that we want from them. Emissaries have been sent to Lyons to *provoquer* the petitions of the Chamber of Commerce. Yesterday, in the Chamber, the Minister of Foreign Affairs presses, in the strongest terms, the consideration of that *important affair*. Intrigues have been set on foot among the Deputies, and *last not least, the ministry have been brought to make it a Cabinet question*, and their enemies even despair of being able to resist the efforts they will make, to save their Political existence. I dare say all will end well—provided nothing is done at home to disavow the P. Every American who visits Europe will have reason to rejoice at the message, which has elevated us so much in the eyes of foreigners. I am told that for the last month, there has been more said, written, and tought about the Americans, than in the whole ten years back. The feelings here, at this moment towards us are not at least those of *contempt*. As for irritation, the passing of the bill will not, I believe, tend to assuage it, as they cannot help feeling that it is crammed down their throats. 'Nous paierons,' said a Peer of France the other day, "et nous serons la rise de l' Europe."

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE SIGNS.

We stated that the Philadelphia Democratic Herald was a White paper—but it does not appear to go the whole hog. For, that paper of the 7th inst. says, with some reservation: "We can tell *Judge White and his friends*, among whom we are happy to rank—that the *Whigs* will have nothing to do with him—he is too honest and too Democratic for their purposes. *Note.*—We are the friends of Judge White only so long as he is the friend of the *Democratic Party*—and not the candidate of the Whigs!"

If the Herald will read the signs fairly, what will it now say? In the first place, not a Republican paper in the Union, (certainly as far as we have seen,) has taken up Judge W. as against the Candidate of the great Republican Party, except it be those in Tennessee, and in Alabama.—In Tennessee even they do not all go for him—we have seen two of them who go for a National Convention, and a third, (which bids fair from its prospectus, an able paper) is to be established in Nashville, upon the same principle. Even in Alabama what do we see? Her Legislature has nominated Judge White, yet with this qualification.—"But in the event, there should be danger of the final determination of the election for President devolving on the House of Representatives of the U. States, we recommend to the people of Alabama to take such measures and select such person, as shall be in their judgment best calculated to prevent that contingency."—Certainly all the Journals in Alabama, which are friendly to the Administration, do not go unconditionately for the White Flag. Some of the ablest among them are for keeping the party together and are therefore for consulting the general voice of the great Republican party.

For instance, what says the Huntsville Democrat of the 4th, perhaps the firmest and ablest Journal in the State:

"*Judge White or Martin Van Buren*, or any other good and tried Democrat, who is known to be opposed to any *United States Bank*—to a *Protective Tariff*—*to Internal Improvement* by the Federal Government—opposed to the principles of "*Clay's Land Bill*"—and in favor of true *States Rights* and *Strict Construction*—we are willing to support provided he is the Candidate of the Democratic party. That party should start but *one* candidate in the approaching contest, as long as there is any opposition candidate in the field. We are more anxious to have *every* Nova Scotia Whig with his hotchpot principles excluded, than to have any particular Democrat elected. For this season we shall commit ourselves to no man. We earnestly entreat the Democratic party of this State and of the whole Union, to act upon the same principle. At this time it would be weak in us to dispute, and fall out about men; it will lead to defeat. Any good man whose character is fair, whose capacity is respectable, and whose principles are tried and known, who can combine the most strength, should be run as the Democratic candidate.

"The next most important matter is, to produce concert and harmony—compare and determine—for this purpose, in due time, let the pretentions of the various candidates now spoken of, or that may hereafter be proposed, be submitted to a *National Convention*."

In the 2d place, those who profess to go for Judge White in the South unqualifiedly, are the Whig papers—and the Whig men. They will use his name, till after the April Elections; *and then* they will drop him, if they can do better with a Whig candidate.

The 3d fact is, that as far as we have heard, not a Republican has declared for Judge White unless he be the candidate, not of the Whigs, but of the great Republican party. So much dissatisfied are some of them with the course which Judge White's Tennessee friends have pursued, upon mistaken grounds that though they would have preferred him at first to Mr. Van Buren, or any other man, they have become cooled towards the Judge, and almost alienated from his interests.

The 4th fact is, that not a Republican press on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, is out for Judge White. The Baltimore Chronicle and Noah's Star will take him upon certain conditions—but the great mass of the Northern Whigs do not go for him—but for Mr. Webster or some other Whig. We state these circumstances from no unkind feelings towards Judge White—but because we wish him to see the truth. He has too much good sense when he comes to see the facts themselves, not to decide according to the best interests of the great Republican Party.

Must not Judge White see the designs of the Whigs? Can any politician fail to preceive, that if the Whigs succeed in effectually dividing the Jackson party, they will then drop Judge White, and run a man of their own.—Or, that they propose to split up the votes so, that the Election must be transferred to the H. of Representatives? Give to the Judge even a part of the South—Say, that Mr. Webster carries off some of the Eastern States, Maryland, Kentucky, &c.—Then give Mr. Van Buren, N. Hampshire and Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, and N. Jersey, Missouri, and Mississippi, &c. This is the best that the Whigs can hope to do—and what then? The strongest man in the Opposition will dictate to the rest—and he being a Whig, will carry the day in the House—As the vulgar saying is, "The longest pole will carry the persimmons"—*Or*, that Judge White cannot possibly get it, unless under such pledges to the Whigs, as well fetter his Administration, with their influence, and inevitably disgrace himself.

Wednesday's Whig gives conjectural calculation from the Baltimore Chronicle and N. Y. Courier, of what the vote will be, "if Mr. Webster be a candidate." In this case, the Chronicle says, "The election must go to the H. of R., with Mr. Van Buren the leading candidate." And according to the N. Y. Courier, if the three be candidates, the following would be the strength of each in the House: Webster 10 States, White 8, Van Buren 6.—This is the issue to which the Whigs are trying to drive us, if they cannot get a man of their own elected by the Colleges. This is their object in running the White Horse.—But we, for one will never cease to protest against the election being carried into that body. We have tried it twice—and what was the result? The first time, the Federalists attempted to palm off upon us, as President, Aaron Burr, to whom the People had not intended to give a single one; and on the second occasion, Mr. Adams was made the President by the agency of Mr. Clay, who turned round and received from him the first office in his gift. Save us from another scene of this description. Save the country from a contest, where management intrigue, and corruption, will decive the election. No, no! Let us keep the Republican party together one and indivisable. Let us adopt some plan by which they shall become concentrated on some one of its distinguished members. Most earnestly do we deprecate all division. We hope that *the People* will never again permit the election of President to pass into the House of Representatives. Against every thing which may be possibly calculated to lead to such a consummation, every good patriot ought to raise his voice.

From the Eastern Argus.

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER PRESSURE.

The advocates of the United States Bank have, for a year past, *pretended* to regard that institution as having abandoned all hopes of a recharter. They have declared the "Bank question" as no longer one of the legitimate topics of political discussion. It was said with solemn gravity and with a show of deep sorrow, and the "Bank had been cruelly oppressed, and the efforts of its adversaries having been successful in prostrating it, there was now no desire to agitate the question again, but that it should be suffered to prepare for its dissolution, and yield with decency to a fate it could not resist."

But the monthly statements of the Bank disclose any thing but the symptoms of declining strength or of an approaching demise. It has been, for a few months past, throwing out its lures to the mercantile community to extend their business, by granting facilities on a scale of prodigality hitherto unexampled in its history. From 1830 to 1832, while the Bank was preparing the materials for its great panic and pressure, its expansion was at a rate of about $1,600,000 per month. For the last four months it has expanded its business at the rate of *three millions per month!*

The mercantile community and the Banking institutions of the states should look well to these portents of approaching evil! The Bank is to close its career in 1836—the period of high political excitement, attendant on the Presidential election. This immense expansion, after procuring an unnatural and extravagant extension of business, must be succeeded by a curtailment of unprecedented rapidity.

Whatever the friends of the Bank may pretend the recharter of that institution will appear again as a leading question in the Presidential election of 1836. They tell us—"the Bank is dead!" But beware! Let every man watch the symptoms of its recovery and make his preparations for resistance!

THE POINDEXTER INVESTIGATION.

We copy the substance of a statement made by the President to a sub-committee, and below, the opinion of the committee respecting the statement:— [*Age.*

1st. The President states that persons, to the number of fifty or more, citizens and members of Congress, informed him, soon after the attempt at assassination was made, that Lawrence the assassin, had been seen on the Tuesday before, going into Mr. Poindexter's house.

2d. That he told all who gave him the report, "*if it be true*, give it to me upon paper, and under the solemnity of the oaths of those who state the facts; if such be the fact *I should like to see it stated in that way, and then I shall know how to act.*"

3d. He disclaims the knowledge of Stewart, except that he was *introduced to him*, when he delivered his affidavit, as a man of truth, and a respectable citizen; of Foy, he professes to have a *partial* knowledge by reputation, and had always understood, he was an industrious mechanic, and a *man of truth.*

4th. That the first person who told him that Lawrence had been seen in the house of Governor Poindexter, was Major Noland, Superintendent of the Public Buildings, or Mr. Blair, Editor of the Globe; but it *might have been a member of Congress.* He however finally comes to the conclusion, that it was Maj. Noland, and that the report was at the time of general notoriety. Other persons are named, and among them Mr. Mann, of the House of Representatives, from Pennsylvania.

5th. That he made no charges himself, nor said any thing, until the affidavits were put into his hands. Coltman, a contractor about the public grounds and streets in Washington, came to him with the affidavits and the affiants.

6th. That he had, after receiving the affidavits, "spoken of them freely, and had shown them to such persons as called and wished to see them."

7th. That he had sent for Mr. Key, the District Attorney, "shown him the affidavits, and *consulted* with him on the *subject* of them," and thereafter referred all his informants to *Mr Key.*

8th. That during the whole conversation, the President spoke of, and treated the matter as one for *judicial investigation.*

9th. That if Mr. Poindexter had not concurred with Lawrence, *the fact ought to be made to appear*, and that he ought to have an *opportunity* to defend himself. Truth was his object, not to *accuse* any one falsely.

10th. That he desired most emphatically, that the original affidavits might be returned to him, that he wished "to make other use of them."

The Committee readily unite in the declaration, that the testimony taken before them, as far as it is applicable, fully sustained the President in the statement which he made to the sub-committee; nor does it in any way appear, from any evidence before the Committee, that the President had any connexion it this affair, directly or indirectly, other than that which he himself has avowed. The Committee will go even farther, and say, that considering the situation of hazard and danger in which he had been placed, by the attempt of Lawrence upon his life, it was but natural that the President should desire to have the whole matter explored.

From the Eastern Argus.

SMALL NOTES IN NEW YORK. The Legislature of New York have passed a Bill prohibiting the circulation of Bills under $5, in that State. The vote stood in the Assembly 72 to 9—in the Senate, 35 to 2. The Bill provides, that no bill under the denomination of $2 shall be *given or offered* in payment after the 1st of September next; no bill under $3 after the 1st of March next; none under $5 after 1st September, 1836; and none under $10 of any Bank out of the State after the 1st of September *next*. Penalty for giving or offering in payment a bill of any Bank in the State, under $5, after the dates specified, *five times its nominal amount.* Penalty for *issueing* bills under $2, in the State, after 30 days from the passage of the Act,—under $3 after 1st September next,—under $5 after the 1st of March next,—or for issuing any denomination *between* $5 and $10,—$100 for each bill and forfeiture of charter. Penalty for giving or offering in payment an out-of-State bill under $10 after 1st September next, $50."

Judge M'Lean suffered his name to be used by the opposition as a candidate for the presidency, and not six months since, it was the prevailing opinion with them in many places, that he stood a fair chance of being elected. But finding that he would carry with him few indeed if any of the friends of the administration, they have ceased to speak of him as a candidate.—The object of their bringing him forward in the first place was to divide the democratic party. They now flatter themselves that they will accomplish their object, by a similar course in relation to another individual from our ranks.—We shall see.—*Jeffersonian.*

Fifteen hundred thousand acres of land, and speeches long enough to cover them.—The case of C. Mitchell and others, *versus* the United States, has been decided in the Supreme Court in favor of the plaintiffs. This decision confirms the title of the plaintiffs to 1,500,000 acres of land situated between the rivers St. Marks and Apalachicola, Middle District, Florida. Mr. White opened for the plaintiffs, and spoke one day and a half. He was replied to by Messrs. Call and the Attorney General, on behalf of the United States; these gentlemen each occupied the Court for *four days.* The argument was closed by Mr. Berrian in behalf of the plaintiffs, who spoke nearly two days in reply.—[Boston States.

From the Saco Democrat.

Duff Green, of the Telegraph, thinks that the result of the coming election in Virginia will decide between the chances of Messrs. Van Buren and White for the Presidency. If the Legislature of that State shall show a clear and decided majority for Mr Van Buren his success is certain. If on the contrary it shall contain a majority of the friends of Judge White, he will be the successful candidate. According to this calculation the next President by Whig admission must be a Democrat and a supporter of the present administration. The poor Whigs are in a sad feeble condition by confession of one of their prominent and well paid leaders.

OXFORD DMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 7, 1835.

SMALL BILLS.

The federalists whose sympathy for the poor and common people is well known, are ready to burst with indignation at the passage of a law which prohibits the passage of small bills. We are told that small bill are the ones which circulate most among the poor, and that they seldom see or possess those of the larger denominations. Hence this law is said to be injurious to the interests of the poor and one which will be a serious embarrassment to them in their daily business. Now we are of a different opinion. We do not see what injury will arise to the poor from substituting silver for paper. Did you ever know a poor man who had earned a dollar refuse to take silver and demand paper? Will they have reason to complain that they receive their earnings in silver, rather than paper. But say some how troublesome it will be to be obliged to carry a bag of silver money, when you are traveling If there were reason in this complaint, and if this were likely to be a serious evil, it is one which would not be likely to effect the *poor* man. They are not troubled with so much money as to make it a heavy burden. It is their pretended friends who forebode so much trouble and inconvenience. It is the rich and those concerned in banking operations who most dread the effects of the law, as operating to a small extent to restore a hard money currency in the place of small bills with which the country is flooded. Besides if the law is strictly enforced, we apprehend that no inconvenience will be felt by the people in the ordinary intercourse of business, and we shall find hereafter when a bank fails, that the loss has not fallen mostly on the poor who have but a few dollars by them — The passage of the Bill is denounced as a Jackson measure, and yet we preceive that of the two federal representatives from this county the one who is by far the most able and intelligent, voted in its favor. The opposition in this county appear to have been equally divided on the question as to numbers. In every other respect the majority was in favor of the bill.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

There is time enough yet to quarrel about the candidates for this high office, and therefore we do not intend at this early day to trouble our readers with speculations on the subject. Some few of the northern federalists of the old school, endeavor to persuade the people that there may be some chance for Mr. Webster. But the more sagacious politicians among the whigs frankly acknowledge that there is no hope for any but a Jacksonman.—They admit that there is no prospect of victory but thro' a division in the ranks of the Democratic party—that this must be affected if possible by any means. McLean was at first brought forward for this purpose, but it was soon found that as a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to the regular democratic candidate, he would receive no support from any but the whigs. His claims have not been urged lately and he appears to have been dropped at least for the present. The nomination of White by the Legislature of Alabama gave the opposition great hopes of having a candidate who would affect a partial division in the democratic ranks. Indeed Noah and Duff Green whose political opinions are so well known and established, still insist that the only hope of success against the regularly nominated candidate is to support Judge White. It is no small compliment to the measures and principles of the present administration, that the opposition should find themselves compelled to resort to our ranks for a candidate, and select one who has always been one of its most constant defenders and supporters. We may soon expect to see the opposition praising the President and pointing to his administration as a standard of excellence.

South Berwick Republican. We have received the first number of a paper with the foregoing title, printed at South Berwick, in York county in this State. In its political principles it professes democracy, and judging from this specimen, it promises to be a useful laborer in the good cause. We wish it success proportioned to its merits.

We had not room in our last paper for the customary farewell speeches on the adjournment of the Legislature. In the Senate, Mr. Prescott, and in the House, Mr. Seammon, offered a complimentary resolve to the respective presiding officers of the two Houses accompanied by preliminary addresses; which resolve having passed unanimously, received suitable replies from the President and Speaker.

It appears from the titles of the Acts of our Legislature already published, that alterations have been made in many of the most important of our laws. We as well as our readers feel anxious to examine these new provisions. The License law, Imprisonment for debt and many other important subjects appear to have been revised.

Winter appears loth to leave us. On Saturday last we were visited by a severe snow storm which covered the ground to the depth of seven inches or more. Many of our farmers are complaining of being "short o'n't for hay." If the spring should continue to be backward our cattle must suffer.

The Boston Pearl and Literary Gazette.—Published every Saturday. Contents of No. 23. The Enthralled.—Song Writing, by Barry Cornwall.—Not Col. Crockett, by Hazlewood Buckeye, Esq.—Folly.—Aphorisms, &c—The Miser Punished.—A Mad Actress.—The Funeral, by Charles Sprague.—Adventures during the Rebellion in Jamaica.—The Morality of Method, by H. T. Tuckerman.—Sonnet to the Rain, by Albert H. Pike.—Lafayette, by James A. Hillhouse.—The Hunter's Farewell.—Magazine Writing.—Education in Germany.—The Escritoire.—Italy.—The Little Witch, &c. Editorial.—Music.—The Swiss Shepherd's Song—never before published in this country.

☞ The N. H. Patriot of last week publishes election returns from 173 towns giving Gov Badger a majority of 9633 votes; and a Democratic nett gain since 1832 of 5020.—*Dover Gazette.*

☞ In the next Legislature the Senate will consist of ELEVEN Democratic Republicans and *one* federalist; and in the House of Representatives the Democratic majority will be about 90.—*Ib.*

ONE TRUTH *from the federalists.*—The federal party say that the office holders in New Hampshire all voted the Democratic ticket. In most of the towns of the State this was a fact, as the People are very careful to have no office holders who will vote any other way.—*Ib.*

Federal Justice.—The Massachusetts Legislature have passed resolutions condemning the conduct of the mob which destroyed the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, but have refused by a large majority to grant its proprietors any compensation for the loss of their property.—Thus endeavoring to wipe out the *moral stain* affixed upon their State by the aggressors, at the same time that they withhold from the sufferers that compensation which is legally and justly their due.—*Ib.*

Judge White.—Upon three very important questions, Judge White has seen fit to leave the Democratic minority in the Senate, with whom he has so long acted, and vote with the majority. The bill of Mr. Calhoun, to restrain Executive patronage, received the approbation and affirmative vote of the Senator from Tennessee. He opposed, with the federal majority, the amendment to the appropriation bill made by the House, placing three millions at the disposal of the President, to prepare for any emergency with France. And he also opposed the Resolution to expunge, offered by Mr. Benton. We have already expressed our opinion, that the quarter to which the Judge looks for support, in his contest for the Presidential Chair, would, more or less, bias his judgment and influence his course; but we did not expect that, in two months *from* the day of his nomination by a handful of politicians, he would openly turn from his old and tried associates, and throw himself into the arms of the enemy. In this have we been deceived. But the Democracy of the country, and Judge White, it is now evident must part—indeed, they are already separated—and it will rest with the Judge and his friends to say, whether it shall be forever!—*Trenton Emporium.*

Cause of Suicide.—The Editor of the Courier and Enquirer says he has received a letter from the widow of a man who it is believed hung himself on an apple tree, solely on account of his name having been mis-spelt in that paper in recording the unparalleled achievement of raising a forked radish. This is not equal to the chap up the country. He was disputing about the length of his horses tail, with one of his neighbors—"Do you say that Bill Sharp's horse's tail is longer than mine?" "I do 'pon my sacred honor!" "my gracious! if you say that again, I'll cut my throat."—*N. Y. Sun.*

E. K. Avery. The Springfield Pioneer, Ohio, says: "A petition from Montgomery county, was presented in the House by M Sawyer, praying that the Rev. E. K Avery, of Sarah Maria Cornell memory, should be *appointed Chaplain to the Ohio Penitentiary!* After debate, the petition was *rejected* by a large majority. This is a *new method* of getting a man into the Penitentiary."

☞ *Pretended Robbery.*—We published last week an article relating to the supposed robbery of John Herren, of $24,000, while passing through Woburn.—The following are additional particulars relating to this mysterious affair:

"It was announced in the beginning of last week, that John Herren had been robbed, when passing through the town of Woburn, of the sum of $24,000, which had been placed in his custody for the purpose of conveying it to the city of Boston. Facts early come to light of a nature to fix a suspicion upon Herren himself of having secreted the money. He however busied himself in pretended efforts to discover the robber, but at length being charged with the fraud, he confessed it, and on Saturday last was accompanied to Londonderry, by one of the directors of the Caledonian Bank, and there produced from its place of concealment, in the woods, 13,600, of the money. He pretended that the residue he had paid over to an accomplice who resided in Boston, and promised to conduct the director to the lodgings of this man. They went in the evening, accompanied by an officer, to a house in Washington street, in which he said the accomplice boarded, and after inquiring at the door he reported that the man had gone out. They waited about the door for some time, expecting his return, until at length the rogue contrived to elude their observations, and to make his escape. A reward of $250 dollars is offered for his apprehension, and $500 for the recovery of the thief and the money."—*Barnstable Patriot.*

From the Bangor Republican.

"Great is Daniel Webster!" is chaunted by the Swigs throughout New England. Very well, no one doubts that Mr Webster is a *great* man—possessed of great talents, acquirements, genius, and power of eloquence. Some of the worst men that ever lived could boast as much. A bad application of these noble faculties may make a great tyrant and enable the possessor to do only the more mischief. Mr. Webster has been and still is a *great* enemy to his country—*great* in his contempt for the character of the New England people—*great* in opposing their best interests—*great* in endeavors to destroy the best patriots in the country—*great* in villification and misrepresentation—*great* in being distrusted and abhorred by the great body of the people in this country—*great* as a monopolist and U. S. Bank Attorney—GREAT in all his official votes in the time and since the last war—a record of which may be found in another column.

Congress at its last session adopted a resolution that a gold medal be presented to Col. Creghan, and a sword to each of the officers under him for their galantry and good conduct in the defence of Fort Stephenson, during the late war. To the ability and bravery of Col. Creghan, and those under him on this occasion is ascribed the discomfiture of the British plans on lake Erie in 1813. But for the gallant defence of Fort Stephenson the military stores of the American army, and the fleet with which Perry afterwards gained his glorious victory would have fallen an easy prey to the British. The defence of the Fort, was not only one of the most brilliant but it was one of the most important archivements of the war. The names of his companions to whom, or their eldest male heirs, swords have been voted, are, Capt. James Hunter, Lieut. Benjamin Johnson, Cyrus A. Baylor, John Meeks, and Ensigns, Joseph Duncan and Edmund Shipp.

Detroit, March 10.—The Disputed Boundary.—Nothing since our last has been heard from Ohio, with the exception we believe of a letter which is reported to have been received in this city from Governor Lucas, in which it is intimated that his Excellency will take the field in person, in case there should be any warlike demonstrations on our borders. It is reported that Gov Lucas is now on his way thither for the purpose of awing our citizens into a quiet submission to the pretensions of Ohio:—Whether accompanied by any considerable portion of the "one million of freemen" we have yet to learn.—*Journal.*

Reduction of the House of Representatives.—On Wednesday afternoon, in the House of Representatives, the question was taken on the passage of resolve for the amendment of the Constitution, in reference to the House of Representatives, and decided in the affirmative, yeas 392, nays 82. If the resolve should be ratified by the people, the House will be reduced, in 1837, more than two hundred members. The article of amendment provides that each town having 300 rateable polls may elect one Representative, and for every 450 rateable polls in addition, one Representative more.—If a town have less than 300 rateable polls, the whole number shall be multiplied by 10, and the product divided by 300, and such town shall annually elect one Representative as often within ten years as 300 is contained in the product, and not oftener. A city or town having rateable polls enough to elect one or more Representative, with any number of polls beyond the necessary number, may be represented as to that surplus number by multiplying such surplus number by 10, and dividing the product by 450; and such city or town may annually elect one additional Representatives as often within ten years as 450 is contained in the product. Any two towns having each less than 300 rateable polls, may be formed into a district, and elect a Representative on the principles above provided.—[Boston Transcript.

From the Augusta Age.

Some of the opposition papers still hold out the idea that the favorable turn things have taken in France, relative to the treaty of '31, is to be attributed to Mr. Clay's report. We need not repeat, what we have more than once stated, that under the influence of the Message and before Mr. Clay's report was even heard of in France, affairs had taken a course favorable to the fufilment of the treaty. But if the French can be believed, when speaking of their own feelings, the effect of that report, if it had any, was decidedly unfavorable. It reached France when all were in earnest to preserve their commercial interests by a speedy payment of the indemnity. The message had awakened them to the importance of speedy action, and the inevitable consequences of bad faith.—How did Mr. Clay's report strike them? Let the *Nationla*, one of the leading French papers answer. Upon the reception of the report, it published the following:—

☞"There is no necessity for the Chambers to hurry its action—not any of our commercial interest will be endangered, even should it refuse to ratify the treaty, with the proviso, that fresh negotiations should be commenced by another ministry.

"The proposition of Mr. Clay is nothing more than an overture for opening a new negociation. It does not even prejudge the question of indemnity, or at least the amount of it, in a positive manner."

PARA. Capt. Johnson, of schooner Orrel, who left Para February 11, and was hired by some of the merchants of that place to touch at Barbadoes to procure assistance from the English marine, states that he found at Barbadoes the frigate Belvidere, a sloop of war, and a gun brig The commander of the sloop promised to despatch the sloop and brig immediately, and there is little doubt that before this time the foreign residents in Para are in security under the protection of British cannon. The great anxiety of the inhabitants resulted from the repeated demands of the soldiery that they might be permitted to plunder the town. If they were let loose to plunder, it was feared that murder and other crimes would be committed. They had only been restrained by the new President, who was taken out of prison and placed in the chair, and who had only been able to keep back the soldiers from plunder by distributing considerable sums of money among them. The number of persons killed in the revolution, was about thirty. The revolutionists were native Indians an negroes.

Jour. of Com.

POLAND. M. Isambert, a distinguished deputy of the opposition, held in the French Chamber January 26th, the following language with reference to the recent Polish claim put forward by Russia:—After referring to the present situation of Poland, he observes that if Russia made a claim in her own name, the treaty of 1818 might be brought forward in proof that France owes nothing. But if the claim were made in behalf of Poland, France denies the right of Russia to put forward such a demand, inasmuch as the latter had not fulfilled the treaties of 1815 with regard to Poland. *There was, however, one debt which France owed to Poland—her glorious companion in arms.—but it was a debt of blood, which could be paid only on the field of battle. To the payment of that obligation the nation would consent*—all France will say—we owe it—and but give the word, and the eager youth of all France will rush to discharge it!—[hear, hear!] Let Ministers demand from the Chamber the means of defraying it, and they should be granted; but the Chamber would never vote money only for the benefit of Poland's oppressor—[cries of "Bravo!"]—and let it go forth to Russia and the world, that that debt—and *that debt only—will yet be paid.*

From the Saco Democrat.

England.—Whigs and Tories—Radical Reformers and *reformed* Conservatives, are looking forward to the coming session of Parliment with undisguised, intense interest—deciding as it does at its very commencement the weal or bale of the new Ministry. The reformers base the whole question of defeat or triumph upon the election of Speakers, and seem determined to put down Peel and Wellington by *reforming* out of office Sir Charles Manners Sutton. Mr. Abercrombie, his opponent, is an able, talented Liberal—popular to excess with his own party, and obnoxious in the highest degree to the Conservatives. Strong hopes are entertained of his success. Sir Charles by affectation of cunning, insulted to his situation has shaken his supposed firm popularly. He has been supposed of attempting wiley intrigue as a member of the Privy Council, and assisting in concerting the measures which affected the downfall of the late Ministry. Popular feeling is excited to the highest possible degree. H. L. Bulwer has been called from Paris by his immediate constitutes, to give his vote for the liberal candidate. The commencement of the session will be more fully attended than ever before—public demands making it necessary for every Whig and Tory to be at his post for the continuing or overturning the existing state of things.

The poor crest fallen Tories are whining pitiously and calling with sad and unavailing lamentation upon the Conservative Whigs, Stanley, Graham and their associates, to appear in this important fearful crisis and defeat the Candidate of the Radicals. But it is thought these gentlemen, holding as they are supposed to, the balance of power and victory in their own hands, will not take an active part in the coming conflict—which course their very name gives almost certain assurance they will pursue 'Whigs concervative,' sounds very much like 'on the fence.' But we suppose, like all fence men, they will, after the battle is fought, be found among the members of the conquerors, and assist in dividing and apportioning the spoils.

William Woart, Jr. Esq. hss been appointed Postmaster at Augusta, Me. vice Gen. Joseph Chandler resigned.—*Port. Argus.*

Melancholy Accident. In Solon, on the 25th inst., while Mr. David Spencer was at work in the field near his father's house, getting out fire wood, he was killed, together with his parents, in the following singular manner. The son had just fell a large beach tree, which lodged in the upper branches against another tree, while the butt of it slipped over the stump and caught his foot, and pinned him to the ground; his screams for assistance brought out both his parents, and his father seized a stick of wood, with which both of them labored to remove the tree, which, being somewhat decayed, suddenly broke in the middle, and falling, crushed all three of these unfortunate beings to death!—Our informant is a son of the deceased who has been for some time at work in this city, and further states that his parents who were poor, have left behind six daughters, whose only brother he is. May he have strength to bear his sorrows, and receive the sympathies of a charitable world.—[Bangor Courier.

The New Orleans Courier says—"A gentleman was stopped on Saturday night by a footpad, with the customary salutation on such occasions—Your purse or your life. Oh, replied the gentleman, don't get into a passion, you shall have all I have got, and drew a pistol and shot the fellow down.

Hell burnt up.—A postcript of the 6th, to the Editors, says—"You may announce, if you choose, in the Journal, that all Hell is burnt up. Last night about 10 o'clock a fire broke out here [Augusta] in a place called 'Hell's Half Acre,' and swept it out clean. It was really amusing to hear them running in the streets, and hallooing, all Hell's afire!"—*Geo. Jour.*

A Noble Reply. During the late trial of a cause before Judge Irving, in the Court of Common Pleas, a few days since, Mr. Western, counsel for the defendent, asked a certain question of a witness. The Judge overruled him, and decided that he had no right to ask the question. Mr. W. bowed to the decision. In a few minutes the Judge put the same question to the witness. "With all due deference to your honor," said Mr. Western, "I would observe, that according to your honor's decision, that question ought not to be asked." "I shall ask any question I choose, sir, in *my own Court*," said the Judge in a most decided tone. The attorney, like another Hampden, instantly rejoined—"Ay! that's when your honor allows your feelings to blind your judgment—for I say it is not your honor's court—it is my client's court—it is my court—it is the people's court."—*N. Y. Trans.*

The Great Napoleon and his Imperial Guard. The Emperor of France of whom, in his own expressive language to his son, "the universe for ages will discourse," after his first abdication, resigned himself entirly to his fate, whether for good or evil, and prepared to depart for Elba, his place of retreat. But first, he had the painful task of bidding farewell to the body in the universe most attached to him, and to which he was probably most attached—his celebrated Imperial Guard. Such of them as could be collected were drawn out before him in review.—Some natural tears dropped from his eyes, and his features had the marks of strong emotion, while reviewing for the last time the companions of so many victories.—He advanced to them on horseback, dismounted, and took his solemn leave. "All Europe, he said, had armed against him; France herself had deserted him and chosen another dynasty." He might, he said, have maintained with his soldiers a civil war for years, but it would have rendered France unhappy. "Be faithful, he continued, to the new sovereign whom France has chosen. Do not lament my fate; I will always be happy while I know you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the road of honour—I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together." I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your General, (he pressed the general to his bosom.) "Bring hither the eagle," (he embraced the standard, and concluded,) "Beloved eagle, may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Adieu, my children—Adieu, my brave companions—surround me once more—Adieu." Drowned in grief, the veteran soldiers heard the farewell of their dethroned leader. Sighs and murmurs broke from their ranks. They resigned themselver to the loss of their beloved general, and like him yielded to *necessity.*

MARRIED,

In this town, by John Dennett, Esq. Mr. ISSACHER STEPHENS of Hartford, to Miss MARIA CUMMINGS of this town.

DIED,

In York, Andrew L. Emerson, Esq. late Mayor of Portland.

SCHOOL.

MISS E. HAMLIN would give notice that she will resume her SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, on MONDAY the 20th of APRIL next, at MRS. HAMLIN'S.

Terms—From $2,00 to $3,00 per quarter.

Paris, March 25, 1835.

LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at Paris, Me. April 1, 1835.

GIDEON BOLSTER—Wm. H. Berry—Seneca Brett—Calista Cummings—Messrs. J. & J. Cummings—Samuel Dearing—William H. Dearing—Moses Gage—R. K. Goodenow—Lazarus Hathaway—Thomas Hilborn—Anstin Holmes—Mary Holt—Elijah Jordan—George King—Asaph Kittridge—Rev Henry W. Latham—James Longley—Joseph McAllister—Ephraim Maxim—James Perry, 2—Hezekiah Parsons—Francis Shephard—Clarendon Walker.

JOSEPH G. COLE, P. M.

Sale at Auction.

TO be sold at Public Auction, at the house of HANNIBAL SMITH, in Paris, on Saturday the 18th day of April inst., at nine o'clock A. M.

1 *Horse*, 1 *yoke of two year old steers*,
1 *yoke of oxen*, 2 *yearling heifers*,
3 *cows*, 25 *sheep*, 4 *swine*,
1 *ton of good hay*,
10 *bushels of good seed wheat*,
150 *do. potatoes*, 1 *saddle & bridle*, 1 *rifle*,
Also farming tools, such as ploughs, harrow, cart, chains, sleds, shovels, hoes, rakes, pitchforks, axes, &c. Also, various articles of household stuff.

To be sold to the highest bidder on one year's credit, with undoubted security, if not previously disposed of at private sale.

BOOKS FOR $1,25.

THE thirteen numbers of Waldie's Select Circulating Library, now issued for the year 1835, contain the following valuable and entertaining Books, for the very small sum of $1,25, with the additional advantage of being received in all parts of the Union by mail, at newspaper postage:

1. The Adventure of Japhet in Search of a Father, by the author of Peter Simple, &c.
2. Jennings' Landscape Annual for 1835; the Fall of Granada, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.
3. Letters and Essays in prose and verse, by Richard Sharp.
4. Barring Out, from the Life of a Sub-editor.
5. Antonio the Student of Padua.
6. The Fashionable Wife and Unfashionable Husband by Mrs. Opie.
7. Traditions of the American War of Independence.
8. Travels into Bokhara, and a Voyage on the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes.
9. The Siege of Vienna, an historical romance by Madame Pichler.
10. Traveling Troubles.
11. My Cousin Nicholas; a humorous tale, from Blackwood's Magazine.

Of the above works there is preparing, or prepared for publication by the booksellers, Japhet, Sharp's Letters and Essays, Burne's Travels, the Siege of Vienna, and My Cousin Nicholas; these alone will cost purchasers more than a whole year's subscription to the Circulating Library, to consist of 54 numbers including two supplements, and in addition to this, the Journal of Belles Lettres, printed on the cover of the Library, contains, weekly, one fourth as much matter as the Library itself; thus forming the cheapest publication of even this cheap era of periodicals.

Waldie's Select Circulating Library having been long established in the good opinion of the public, and sustained as it is by an unprecedented amount of patronage, no fear on the part of the subscribers can now be entertained that the publisher will not comply with his part of the engagement.

Subscriptions to the Library $5 00 in advance, or in clubs of five, $4 00 each.

Waldie's Port Folio and Companion to the Select Circulating Library, commenced on the first of January, 1835, being a reprint of the best articles in the English Magazines, combined with original matter, is supplied to clubs of five, at $2 00 each, or to individual subscribers who take the Library, at $2 50.

The Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art, at $6 00, or in clubs, at $5 00, is published at the same office. ADAM WALDIE,

34 207 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

New Establishment!

GEORGE H. KENDALL—*Portland*,

HAS taken the Store No. 26, Middle Street, next above Shaw, Ropes & Co. and nearly opposite the foot of Free Street, where he offers a new and extensive assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, at *Wholesale* and *Retail*.

March 7, 1835, 2mis31

JOEL C. VIRGIN,

PRACTITIONER AT LAW,

Bethel, Maine.

Reference, { PETER C. VIRGIN, Rumford. STEPHEN CHASE, Fryeburg. NICHOLAS EMERY, Portland.

GEORGE H. KENDALL

No. 26, Middle Street, Portland,

OPPOSITE THE FOOT OF FREE STREET,

IS now opening 40 packages of *English, French*, and *American* DRY GOODS: among which are BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, *Satinetts*, Vestings, Linens, Bishop and Long Lawns, Book and Swiss Muslins, Secerilla, corded, figured and check'd Cambrics, plain white do. Dimoties, 4, 5 and 6-4 Nett Laces, Insertions, Edgings, Quillings, Bombazines, Italian Cravats, Silk fancy do. Choppas, Bandannas, Spitalfield and Pongee Hdkfs, Ladies fancy do. Damask Napkins, 6, 7, 8-4 Damask Cloths, 5, 6, 7, 8-4 Plaid Cloths, 6, 7, 8-4 figured do double Damasks, Russia Diapers, Crash, Flannels, Cambrics, Spool Cottons, Bonnet Cambrics, colr'd do. Italian Sewings, Cotton Fringes, Merino and Thibet Shawls, Silk and Sewing Silk do, Tickings, Drillings, Gingham, Checks, bleached and brown Sheetings and Shirtings, rich London twill'd, Merino twill'd light London, Velvet (a new style,) Shally and American Prints, Indigo Blue, and Mourning do. white, black & colored Cotton and Linen Thread, Buttons, Fine, Tapes, Braids, Padding, Canvass, Dowlas, Silesias, brown and black Linen, Moreans.

SILKS.

Gro de Swiss, Poux de Soix, twill'd Satin Levantines, black, blue black and colored

GRO DE NAPS.

Synchaws, Sarsenette, colored Florences, White Satins, and a great variety of figured Silks.

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Satin, Lustrings, Gauze, Cap and Bonnet Ribbonds, of a rich and new style.

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Gentlemen's Ribb'd & plain black worsted half hose, Ladies' blk. & col'd worsted hose, White Cott. do. Brown cotton Check'd do. Silk do. Embroidered Cotton do.

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Ladies' White Silk and Kid Gloves, Blk & Col'd Silk Taskin and Kid do. Picnic do. a new article, &c. &c.

All of which will be sold cheap for cash or approved credit.

March 6, 1835. 2mis31

[*Contined from first Page.*]

tion of the peasant from the infancy of time.—The arts themselves had never gone beyond their infancy. The Bey discovered a hundred improvements; the people were hard to be taught: in some instances, however, he prevailed on them in mere obedience to adopt his new ploughs, his new system of watering their ground in the fierce heats of an oriental summer, and his new contrivance for sheltering their cattle. But, for one example of obediance, there were ten of the contrary. 'Intolerable fools," exclaimed he, when, after a day of argument with a group of clowns, he succeeded only in making them puzzled and himself angry, "What is the use of throwing away one's ideas on slaves as dull as the earth they tread?"

"None!" said the sententious young scribe. Mustapha raised his aching head from the sofa, where he had hung himself in keen vexation, and darting his eagle eyes into the countenance of his young reprover, expected to have frowned him into the depths of humiliation. But, to his surprise, he was met by a glance as lofty as his own. It was the first time that he had distinctly seen that countenance; for the young scribe habitually wore the deep turban of his profession, and his eye was constantly cast upon the ground. Now, however, it was shown fully, and struck him as singularly expressive. It had the classic form, and somewhat of the melancholy impress of the Greek statue, but it was enlightened by the full splendor of the Asiatic eye. The Bey grew silent; a feeling of awe, respect, and submission, altogether new to his imperious spirit, influenced him, and from this moment he was conscious that he had a master.

The summer was beautiful, and the Bey exulted in the success of his experiments.—Wherever he had directed the husbandry, all seemed to be more luxuriant than in the whole range of the land beside. But one evening the sun plunged into a belt of clouds which mounted rapidly from the Mediterranean; the wind rose in wild gusts—night, sudden, chill and starless, covored the mountain forests and with a pall, under which the work of death was to go on undisturbed. The peasantry were roused from their sleep by the roar of sudden torrents, the thunderstorm set their mosques in a blaze, the lightning rifled and scattered the ancient trees which for centuries had been the shelter of their cottages; all was ruin. When day rose, slow, sad, and imperfect, the landscape far and wide was one scene of desolation. But, if all were sufferers, the chief havoc fell upon the unlucky experimentalists of the Bey. A new process by which the land was to be prepared for a tenfold harvest in the ensuing year, and stripped the soil of its usual autumnal covering of shrubs, weeds, and copse. The wind and rain had taken full vengeance on the attempt to disturb the old plan. The soil was torn up to the very bowels, and the reward of the Bey was, to find his place surrounded by the multitude in a state of insurrection—charging him with their calamities, denouncing his rashness as the cause of the sufferings which had fallen on the soil from angry heaven; and demanding bread. The Bey was overwhelmed. The cry of a multitude was not to be resisted. Yet how was he to remedy the sufferings of thousands? He gave them all that his place contained. It fed a few for a day; he sold his jewels; all was but a drop in the sand. He was embarrassed, and turned to the young Scribe in his anexiety. "Stop!" was the brief answer; but the spirit of Mustapha was not made to stop in any thing. Liberal, eager, and lofty, he determined to show himself superior to this emergency. He now proceeded to strip himself of all that could be turned into value. The populace lived a week in lazy luxury, and liked this style of life so well that they determined to continue it as long as they were able. They at length used threats: those revolted the high mind of the Bey; he drove them from the place gates. That night he was roused by a knocking at his chamber door. As he opened his eyes, a broad glare of light burst across them. He looked out from the casement; a wing of the place was in flames, and some thousands of the peasantry were flinging torches and combustibles on the remaining wing; while a host of women with children in their arms, were exclaiming against "the tyrant who had starved them." Mustapha grasped his scimetar, and would have rushed out among the ingrates. He was checked by a gentle but firm hand: it was the young Scribe.

"Your time is not yet come to be torn to pieces by a rabble," said he; "follow me."

"And leave those heartless wretches unpunished?" was the quick exclamation of the Bey.

"Better leave any thing, than leave your head on their pikes," was the calm answer, as the Scribe led him, almost unconsciously, down a dark corridoa which opened on the palace gardens.

The shouts rose again, and the flames burst triumphantly over the gilt cupola. The Bey turned; but the eye of his young guide was on him, and he felt its power. Two of his Arab chargers were standing saddled before him—The roar and the flame rose wilder together.

"Time is precious," said the Scribe, mounting one of the horses. The Bey reluctantly mounted the other. The scribe gave his charger the rein; both were instantly at full speed, and rushing like the wind towards the long and sandy shore of the Mediterranean, where it curves like a ring of gold, with Samos, blue and beautiful, a huge sapphire, in the rim.

For two days they wandered along the coast until they reacaed the town of Scala Nova.—The prospect had the usual lovliness of the west of Asia. The bright stream, the noble hills, the brilliant sea, the magnificent forests of Ionia, were before his eyes; but he could see nothing but the flames rising over his palace, and hear nothing but the roar of the ungreatful multitude.

"Fool that I was!" he exclaimed, as he dashed his hand against his ample forehead; "doubly fool, to expect that a generation of those souls of clay could understand my intentions."

"Time is the teacher," said the young Scribe; "the man who does in one year what he ought to do in ten, must have a master of his own who will make him pay dear for his lesson. Try the world again."

But the Bey scorned the world; and resolved on turning dervise, or fakeer, or hermit.

"Let me go," said the impatient exile, "where never sight or sound of man will reach me.—Or let me wander where the earth will be all alike with me, where in the length and breadth of universal brotherhood all individuality is forgotten; or let me be the bandit of Roumelia, the Arab of the Zaara, or the Tartar of the northern wilderness. Never will I be the friend, the protector, or the prince again."

In two days more, a Venetian ship was to sail for Egypt, with pilgrims for the Holy House.

"Before you make your trial of solitude," said the young Scribe, "try how you like the march to Mecca"

Mustapha was indifferent to every thing; he would have marched to China, or the moon alike, if he could. "To Mecca, then," was the answer. And they both went on board.

[*To be continued*]

From the Vade Mecum.

CITY POLICE SCENES.

It is a favorite axiom with certain philosophers that like causes will have like effects.—There are many exceptions to the rule—for instance, both grief and medicine act very differently on different constitutions. Sighing and grief, if we may credit his own statements, blew Sir John Falstaff up like a bladder; while it wears other men, whose adipose membrane is differently constructed, down to mere shadows of humanity. They boil away in the water of their own tears, and emerge from the cauldron of affliction fit to take their places in the exhibition room of a medical school. Fear paralizes the faculties of many; changes their hair from raven blackness to snowy whiteness; and transforms their youthful vigor to the debility of extreme old age. Others gain strength by fear, and have performed miracles of exertion under its influence. We have now a case on record of the singular effects of "trouble on the mind," as exhibited by Barlow Cook. It has been well said that truth is strange—stranger than fiction,—a saying which reflects much credit of discernment of the noble bard, who it is much to be feared, never studied the workings of the human mind, through the medium of a police report, metphysically written, and showing the influence of mind upon matter, with the precision of a Dugald Stewart. Had he done so, he would have had much more reason for saying what he did—he would have seen the wildest fiction put out of countenance, and truth performing more fantastic feats than were ever compassed by Gabriel Ravel. As a specimen, witness the case of Barlow Cook. He is a worthy, though hapless theme, and future ages, when his tale is told, will put a drop in every eye.

On Saturday night he was seen attempting to walk the streets, but the wind being high, he tacked from one side to the other, partly on his hands and knees, and partly, when the sidewalks inclined sufficiently, by rolling. He said not a word, being intent upon advancing. At length he bumped heavily into the gutter.

The watch interrupted him in his expedition, and inquired whither he went. Barlow splashed convulsively, sat up on end, and stared about him with a wild look, alarming and alarmed expression.

"Pooh! don't look as if you had'nt got no owner. Where are you going?"

"Where should I go?" replied Barlow, "jist tell me that, I ask you?"

"I don't know where you should go, but I'll tell you where you will go, judging from what I see, and that's to the watch 'us. I'm ashamed of you—where did you get the liquor?"

"Hay! No—I ain't got none yet. I ain't corned, unless my tears has pickled me. I've got trouble on my mind, and it affects my hinsides, and them what does'nt know me further than 'how-dee-do this morning? potty well, I thank'ee,' suspicions me of cocking up my little finger too often. My wife—my old woman—that's it—she kicked me out this very night. When I came home, she ups foot and let me have it, and I'm crawling down to them oyster boats, to get a snooze. She hain't given me a bit to eat these two days, except hidings."

"And you make it up by drinking?"

"No—I told you afore I was troubled in my mind. Sally's heart is as hard as my fate. She won't give no liquor, but drinks it all herself, to keep me from getting smashed; and she gives all the victuals to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamp-lighter. It is'nt no saving. Look here how my bones tear my clothes. My coat is like a cullender, and my pants look jist like a map of the world. Calvin Edson was fat to me I'm all on edge."

"Why don't you resist, and be a real boss?—Wallop the old lady."

"'Tisn't perlite—my wife's a lady, and I'm a gentleman. Perlite husbands always lets their wives wallop them"

"Well, perhaps you like it best that way, but I'd rather flog, than be flogged, any day."

"But when a lady does it—"

"Can't say I see the difference. But what's the use of talking—sharp's the word, Mr. Henpect—you're my prisoner."

"My wife's a sword of sharpness—a two edged cut and thrust. She stabs my happiness, cuts the throat of my felicity, and cuts up all my Sunday-go-to-meetings to make jackets for the boys. What is to become of me? How I am troubled in my mind!"

"You're my prisoner—come along, and after you've got out, you know, you can't go to Mexico—that is if you can steal as much as two men can hide—not without."

"Don't be a making fun—I can't go to Mexico, and I can't go to the watch house. I'm troubled in my mind, and it affects me internally."

A wheelbarrow was immediately procured, and Barlow Cook was trundled away. Those who took the trouble to examine, say that his bones cut the barrow dreadfully; from which it may be laid down, as a rule of common application that grief blunt's every faculty except a man's bones.

In the morning, Barlow tried to prove logically that it was a mental, and not a spiritual cause that brought him into the predicament; but his argument was too fine spun for the imperfect vision of a police office, and he was dealt with according to Gunter and the rule of thumb.

A correspondent of the Albany Advertiser states that "taking all the strong and small beer together that is brewed in England, it gives two barrels per annum to every man, woman, and child, and if collected, would float all the Navy in commission."

GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM,

OR THE

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

COMPANION.

ON the third of January, 1835, was commenced in Philadelphia, a new periodical bearing the above comprehensive title Its contents will be carefully adapted to the wants of that portion of the public who patronize Dramatic Literature, the Turf, Sporting and the Fashions From the growing wealth and increasing population of the United States, and the near assimilation of the national appetite with whatever promotes the rational Recreations of Life, it is presumed that this Journal,—possessing, as the projectors of it will, ample means to diversify its pages, and a determination to render them subservient to the formation of a correct taste in all matters relating to its design,—cannot fail to meet with a liberal and creditable support from an enlightened community in every quarter of the country The difficulty of sketching out such a plan as might be favorably strewed with any of the charms of novelty to ensure popularity & encouragement, has been not the least embarrassing obstacle which the projectors of this work had to surmount in its inception Feeling confident, however, that its success is certain, when its character becomes properly known, they have already incurred considerable expense in forming correspondents over the Union; and have also ordered regular supplies of the best selected English periodicals to assist in procuring materials for its columns.

It is not altogether feasible, when a new publication is contemplated, to present in detail to the public its prospective attractions. It is necessary, nevertheless, that its principal features should be drawn out, as it is by them that its merits, if it has any, shall be judged. This is the more readily accomplished, the publishers being satisfied that whatever industry and a watchful zeal can affect in completing the filling up, will be done, and that they never will be found deficient or neglectful in the prosecution of this enterprise, and in striving to produce a beneficial and profitable result to themselves and to others.

THE DRAMA—Will form a meterial portion of the Gentlemen's Vade Mecum. It is intended to publish alternately, every week, an entire play and farce—to be selected with a single eye to their merits alone; a preference, however, will be extended, in all cases, to native productions, when they can be obtained. Independent criticisms, carefully excluding all invidious comparisons, and recommended by their brevity, will be regularly inserted,—besides Biographical Sketches, Anecdotes, and Bon Mots, prominent Comedians of the present and past ages, of which a rare and inexhaustible compilation is in store.

THE TURF.—A faithful record will be kept of all the Running and Trotting matches in this country and England. Biographies and correct portraits of celebrated thorough-bred Horses will be published once a month.—Every fact relative to the breeding, management, keeping, and the diseases of this invaluable animal, will be particularly selected

SPORTING.—Under this caption, will be enumerated accounts of Shooting Matches, Pedestrian Feats, Gymnastic Exercises, Aquatic Excurtions, Fishing, Gaming, &c. with Anecdotes of noted Dogs.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—A quarterly review will be procured, explanatory of the various improvements and changes which costumes worn in the fashionable circles constantly undergo; by which it will be rendered an easy task for drapers and tailors at a distance, to suit their customers with the most approved colours and modern style of dress, at the earliest possible periods. Providing sufficient encouragement shall be given by this portion of the public, a full-length engraving, illustrative of the same, will also be prepared and published

MISCELLANY.—Although the purposes of our sheet may appear to be confined to the four leading subjects which have been stated—we deem it proper to say, that there will be, in addition to these, a considerable space allowed for Miscellaneous matters—such as Tales—Poetry—an Epitome of News—List of Hotels in this city, and Places of Amusement—Statistics—the Grain Market-Agriculture-Prices of Stocks-List of Broken Banks—Counterfeit Note Detector—also, the American Songster, consisting of a great variety of Popular Airs, set to Music—and all other matters, regarding which an interest may be supposed to exist at home or abroad.

This Work, then, as will be seen by the above explanation of its probable character, is particularly designed as a companion for the patrons of the Turf, the Drama, Sporting, Fashions, &c. &c. It will prove, also,—as all its publication of facts will be authentic,—a ready Record of Reference for Travelling Gentlemen, and should consequently be kept in every hotel in the United States. It is worthy of notices, that its patrons, in the course of one year, will be furnished with fifty two popular Plays and Farces—the price of which separately at any of our bookstores, would be at least Thirteen Dollars! Here there is an absolute saving of ten dollars in the purchase of a well stored Dramatic Library—(to be had for an unprecedented small sum!)—not taking into consideration the multiplied variety which is to accompany it, without additional charge! Tailors who desire to procure early and correct information of the changes in Dress will find this an invaluable guide.

The GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM will be published every Saturday, on fine imperial paper, of the largest class, at three dollars per annum, *payable in advance.*

By enclosing a *five dollar note* to the publishers, postage paid, two copies of the paper will be forwarded to any direction ordered, for one year. It is respectfully requested that those who desire to subscribe for this Journal will forward their names immediately- the terms will be strictly adhered to.

Address SMITH & ALEXANDER, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia. Specimen numbers may be had on application at the office. Public patronage respectfully solicited.

Country editors, who insert the above advertisement three or four times, will be entitled to an exchange

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Commissioners' Notice.

WE having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of JOHN L. LIVERMORE, late of Livermore in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months, commencing on the twelfth day of March, inst. have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we will attend the service assigned us at the dwelling house of Lewis Hunton, Esq. in said Livermore on Saturday the second day of May next, and on the first Saturdays of August and September next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on each of said days. LEWIS HUNTON, } Commissioners.
MOSES G. HASKELL, }
Livermore, March 12, 1835. 3 w 32

Commissioners' Notice.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of WILLIAM MORSE, Jun, late of Waterford in said county, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that six months commencing *on the third day of March, current*, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us at the office of Charles Whitman, in said Waterford, *on the last Saturdays* of April June, and August next, at two o'clock in the afternoon of each of said days.

CHARLES WHITMAN.
LEVI BROWN.
Waterford, March 12, 1835. 3 w 32

Farms For Sale.

On the Androscoggin River, two miles from Rumford Corner.

ONE farm of one hundred and twenty acres of Intervale with out-lands—or fifty acres of Intervale with out-lands and buildings, as may best suit the purchaser, may be had on favorable terms. Persons wishing to purchase will call on CUSHMAN & KIMBALL.
Rumford Point, February 23, 1835.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

RUSSELL, ODIORNE & Co., have in press, and will publish in a few days, a new work with the above title, being the Narrative of Miss REBECCA THERESA REED, who was under the influence of the Roman Catholics about two years, and an inmate of the Convent, on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, nearly six months, in 1831-2.

The book furnishes a concise history of the rules and regulations, the employments and ceremonies of the Ursuline order; and as it is the first account ever given in this country of a similar institution, the writer has confined herself strictly to a narration of facts that transpired under her own eye, and that were noted down soon after her escape.

It will make a volume of 200 pages, 18mo, finished and bound in the neatest manner.

Boston, March 3, 1835. 8c

Consumption,

Asthma, and Catarrh.

IN that long train of diseases which seem to grow with the growth of civilized society, CONSUMPTION takes the lead in its relentless inroads upon human life. Improper neglect in the timely administration of simple and salutary remedies, is sure to be reproved by a dreadful succession of consumptive symptoms—oppression of the breast—greenish and bloody spittle—ulcerated lungs and hectic fever—shrivelled extremities, and a general emaciation of the whole body—prostration of strength—flushed cheeks—swollen feet and legs—and at last, in the full possession of the mental faculties, and while hope still whispers her flattering tale,—cold extremities, and a premature death.

For the various stages of this complaint, one of the most approved remedies ever yet discovered, is

DR RELFE'S

Asthmatic Pills.

This exceedingly powerful, and yet equally safe and innocent preparation, has effected thorough and rapid cures upon patients supposed to have been far advanced in a confirmed Consumption, and who have exhibited the appearances which usually indicate a fatal termination of the disorder.

Price $1 for whole boxes, of 30 pills, and 50 cents for half do. of 12 pills, with directions.

Debilitated Females.

THE complaints peculiar to the female part of the community, have been successfully treated by the administration of

DR RELFE'S

AROMATIC PILLS.

They cleanse the blood from those disorders of the female constitution, for which the Pills are an effectual specific—they restore a free circulation, reform the irregular opertions of the sanguiferous system,—revive and establish the desired healthy habits, and restore to the pallid countenance the natural glow of health and good spirits.

Married ladies will find the Pills equally useful, except in cases of pregnancy, when they must not be taken—neither must they be taken by persons of hectic or consumptive habits.

Price $1,50 a box.

**None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, Boston—and also, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for sale all of the celebrated medicines prepared by him.

Large discounts to those who buy to sell again. 4 [No. 2.] eopoy

JOB WORK,

Executed with neatness and despatch at this *OFFICE*

GREAT LITERARY ENTERPRISE.

Prospectus of Two New Volumes of

Waldie's Library for

1835.

THE "Select Circulating Library" has been for some time fairly classed among the established periodical publications of the country, having obtained a credit unprecedented, when the price is considered; this certainly, by allowing greater freedom to our efforts, is calculated to render them at once strenuous and more effectual. The object that Waldie's Library had in view, was the dessemination of good new books every where, at the cheapest possible rates, and experience has proved that *a year's subscription will pay for one hundred and sixty dollars* worth of books at the London prices.

New and enlarged type. Vol. 5, to be commenced early in January, 1835, will be printed with new and enlarged type, rendering the work free from any objection that may have been made by persons of weak eyes.

The Journal of Belle Lettres, printed on the cover will be continued without any charge. It contains every week, reviews and extracts from the newest and best books as they come from the press; literary intelligence from all parts of the world, and a register of the new publications of England and America, being the earliest vehicle to desseminate such information, and by the perusal of which, a person, however remote from the marts of books, may keep pace with the times.

As it is usual to wish in behalf of a son, that he may prove a better man than his father, so we, without meaning any particular reflection on our former volumes, received with such distinguished favor, hope and trust that our future may surpass them; for experience ought always to produce improvement, more especially when, as in our case, it lessens the number of difficulties we had to encounter in the outset.

The objects the 'Library' had in view, were fully detailed in the prospectus; the following extracts from that introductory paper, will prove the spirit of that liberality in which the work was undertaken, and also that we have had no occasion to deviate from the original plan.

Extracts from the Original Prospectus.

In presenting to the public a periodical, entirely new in its character, it will be expected that the publisher should describe his plan and the objects he hopes to accomplish

There is growing up in the United States a numerous population with literary tastes, who are scattered over a large space, and who, distant from the localities whence books and literary information emenate, feel themselves at a great loss for that mental food which education has fitted them to enjoy. Books are cheap in our principal cities, but in the interior they cannot be procured as soon as published, nor without considerable expense To supply this desideratum is the design of the present undertaking, the chief object of which emphatically is, to make good reading cheaper, and to put it in a form that will bring it to every man's door.

Books cannot be sent by mail, while the 'Select Circulating Library' may be received at the most distant post office in the Union in from fifteen to twenty days after it is published, at a little more expense than newspaper postage; or in other words, before a book could be bound in Philadelphia, our subscribers in the most distant states may be perusing it in their parlors.

To elucidate the advantages of the 'Select Circulating Library' such as we propose, it is only necessary to compare it with some other publications. Take the Waverly novels for example; the *Chronicles of the Canongate* occupy two volumes, which are sold at $1,25 to 1,50.—The whole would be readily contained in five numbers of this periodical, at at an expense of fifty cents, postage included! So that more than three times the quantity of literary matter can be supplied for the same money by adopting the newspaper course of circulation. Distant subscribers will be placed on a footing with those nearer at hand, and will be supplied at their own homes with equal to about Fifty Volumes of the common London novel size for *Five Dollars.*

Arrangements have been made to receive from London an early copy of every new book printed either in that mart of talent, or in Edinburgh, together with the periodical literature of Great Britain. From the former we shall select the Novels, Memoirs, Tales, Travels, Sketches, Biography, &c. and publish them with as much rapidity and accuracy as an extensive printing office will admit From the latter, such literary intelligence will regularly be culled, as will prove interesting and entertaining to the lover of knowledge, and science, and literature, and novelty. Good standard novels, and other works, now out of print, may occasionally be reproduced in our columns.

The publisher confidently assures the heads of families, that they need have no dread of introducing the 'Select Circulating Library' into their domestic circle, as the gentleman who has undertaken the Editorial duties, to literary tastes and habits adds a due sense of the responsibility he assumes in catering for an extended and moral community, and of the consequences, detrimental or otherwise, that will follow the dissemination of noxious or wholesome mental aliment. His situation and engagements afford him peculiar advantages and facilities for the selection of books. These, with the additional channels created by agencies at London, Liverpool and Edinburgh' warrant the proprietor in guaranteeing a faithful execution of the literary department.

It would be supererogatory to dilate on the general advantages and conveniencies which such a publication presents to people of literary pursuits wherever located, but more particularly to those who reside in retired situations—they are also obvious that the first glance cannot fail to flash conviction of its eligibility

TERMS.—The 'Select Circulating Library' is printed weekly on a double medium sheet of fine paper of sixteen pages with three columns on each, and mailed with great care so as to carry with perfect safety to the most distant post office.

It is printed and finished with the same care and accuracy as book work work. The whole fifty two numbers form two volumes well worth preservation, of 416 pages each, equal in quantity to 1200 pages, or three volumes of Ree's Cyclopædia. Each volume is accompanied with a Title-page and Index

The price is *Five Dollars* for fifty two numbers of sixteen pages each,—a price at which it cannot be afforded unless extensively patronised.—☞ *Payment at all times in advance.*

Agents who procure 5 subscribers, shall have a receipt in full by remitting the publisher $20, and a proportionate compensation for a larger number. This arrangement is made to increase the circulation to an extent which will make it an object to pay agents liberally. Clubs of five individuals may thus procure the work for $4 00, by uniting in their remittances.

Subscribers, living near agents, may pay their subscription to them; those otherwise situated may remit the amount to the subscriber at his expense, if payment is made in money at par in Philadelphia. Our arrangements are all made for the fulfilment of our part of the contract.

Subscribers' names should be immediately forwarded, in order that the publisher may know how many to print for the forthcoming volumes. ADAM WALDIE.
No. 207, Chesnut street, basment story of Mrs. Sword's
Philadelphia House.
Philadelphia, December, 1834.

THE PORT FOLIO AND COMPANION TO THE *LIBRARY.*

A. WALDIE also publishes 'The Port Folio and Companion to the Select Circulating Library,' in the same form, *every two weeks*, at half the price of the Library.—It contains extracts from the best English periodicals, and a vast amount of *popular information* on Literature, Science, History, &c. adapted to all classes; also Tales, Sketches, Biography, and the general contents of a magazine.

☞ Clubs remitting $10 00 receive five copies, being the cheapest reprint ever attempted in any country.—Individual subscriptions $3 00; to those who take the Library also, $2 50.

Morgan Ratler,

FROM VERMONT,

WILL stand at S. Norris' Stable in Paris, and its vicinity, the ensuing season.
ASAHEL NEWTON.
Lyndon, March 3, 1835. 1f31